



# Sarvington



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## Chapter 1 by Deanna Wiseman

Sarvington International Academy of the Arts was one of the most prestigious schools anyone could attend. It was all held in a single large building made of white bricks and had huge spiraling towers with blue tiling on the roof. Inside there were numerous rooms all held to the highest standards of comfort and learning. Some had couches and fireplaces, others desks, while others had mini stages of their own built in. It was the best school for any art you could imagine: drawing, painting, music, theater, photography, even literary arts. If it was creative it was Sarvington. Supposedly there was even some secret test you had to pass to get in and only 100 students were accepted each year.

Jadelyn Marie wanted to go to Sarvington since she was 3 and her family had driven past it on their way to visit relatives. She watched the way it rose from the surrounding forest like a castle and the way the nearby ocean lapped at one of the huge walls separating the worthy from the rot. She had told her mother that one day she'd go there and become the best poet the world has ever seen. In return, her family had laughed at her.

As it turned out Sarvington was a boy-only school and despite thousands of complaints every

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She cut her hair, learned to hold herself to look flat and lanky, and practiced speaking in a deeper timber for two years as she saved up the funds she would need to get an audition. Then on October 12th she walked into a huge room with thousands of boys of all different sizes, shapes, and races to try to earn her place in the school of her dreams. It was a month-long process of competitions and contests in order to earn points. At the end, the 100 boys with the most points would earn the right to enter the school and learn from the best artists of their time.

Jadelyn was partnered with a tall blond boy name Dannie as her partner. He was cute, according to the girls that had come as audience members to support their brothers or boyfriends, but Jadelyn didn't really see the attraction. She guessed this could be because she had always swung wore toward the other side even having a girlfriend for a couple of months until they realized it wouldn't work out with Jadelyn's dreams and called it off. She could see how his long golden hair and plump strawberry lips were addictive and the way his lashes seemed too thick and his smile too charming. The soft green of his eyes was nice too but what really caught her off guard was his hands.

He had come to showcase his talent on the piano and Jadelyn couldn't help but wonder how such tiny perfectly soft hands were able to glide so effortlessly over the keys causing her mind to be filled with such beautiful sounds and memories. After hearing him practice the first time she nearly let her whole dream get washed away along with her tears down the drain. There was no way a poet could top that sort of talent. Still, she had paid half a fortune to get there she couldn't give up.

"Did you write this?" He asked while they were in their shared room one day and he was sitting at her desk like he owned the thing which really irritated Jadelyn (or Jay as she was calling herself in her new persona.) She could never understand how some people could be so rude and invasive.

"Yes! What's it to you!" She snapped ripping the page of writing from his grasp and holding it

close almost defensively. She had worked her whole life to get to this point and now she could feel the whole thing crumbling all around her. She was alone in a room with her wondrous handsome talented roommate.

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“Chill out bro. I just wanted to tell you I really like it. It reminds me of a piece I found once. I think the judges will love it if you present it right. Even better than my act probably.” He told her and Jadelyn frowned confused. Did... Did he just compliment her?

“You should work on the middle a little, though... May I suggest something? It feels like you wanted to say something else there. You should say it. There needs to be emotion flowing through the room and your fifth line seems to break the flow.” He told her and she sat down starting to discuss her work with him surprised he actually seemed to get what she was doing with her work. As the weeks passed the two of them got closer and she soon realized she was falling for him! A guy! But according to her own beliefs souls were gender-less and love was between the souls, not the bodies.

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